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# Community News



S. Robert Powell, president of Carbondale Historical Society, is a familiar sight to visitors of Carbondale Memorial Park as he waters and cares for the dozen or so flower planters there. Although the park is directly across the street from Carbondale

City Hall, the park was badly neglected and in need of repairs. However, that changed when the society and several veterans groups led by Jay Sara began a spruce-up campaign to restore the park's appearance. (Times Photo by Ros-Al)

Not bad, SRP, 8 1/4" x 8 3/4", top of the page. a good photograph, d'ailleurs. Perhaps I should get a print of this photograph from Ros-Al for my personal collection.

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There appear to be two choices: (1) man can attempt to harmonize himself with nature and used his own & come to flower in the great seething of life, or (2) man can resist nature and produce a mental cunning and a mechanical force that will outwit nature and chain her down completely, till at last there shall be nothing free in nature at all & everything shall be controlled & domesticated and put to man's meaner uses. During my New York years, I always used to take a great deal of pleasure in watching New York be reduced to a stand-still by great snow storms. Arrogant, dominant, always in-control, out-of-my-way New York City (in which Nature is, for the greatest part of the time, controlled & domesticated) must, in the face of some storm -- usually snow storm -- harmonize itself/herself with nature and allow nature "to call the shots," as it were. Curiously, it was not until mankind took it upon itself to outwit nature that the idea of Hades/hell/purgatory arose. Prior to that time, when mankind attempted to harmonize with nature, the after-life of a man was regarded as a continuing of the wander-journey of life. Clearly I am making an attempt, in living at Elddale as I am here living, to harmonize myself with nature. One of the primary reasons why I left New York was to put myself "back in touch" with nature and the seasons. Living at Elddale and preparing for winter as I am now doing, I believe that I am attempting to submit, to the greatest extent possible, to nature. My stay at 13 Park Place and at 8 Hendrick Lane must be regarded as a transition between New York City and Elddale. One of the great pleasures of Elddale is that it represents, for me personally, a <sup>pioneer</sup> world in which natural harmonies reign supreme. It is October, for example, and that means that certain things must be done because it is October. How it does give me pleasure to watch olden Seaman conduct his life as a dairy farmer in terms of the seasons! Certain things must be done "now" and not put off till tomorrow. Such